

Sorry 'Bout Your Makeup, Doll Face by TeenCaterpillar

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Summary:

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He thought about how he ended up here.

Sorry 'Bout Your Makeup, Doll Face

Author's Note:

Warhead_ache has ONCE AGAIN created [art](#) that prompts me to write. Goth Steve?? GIMME FUCKIN GIMME

Anyway, this was fun to write, Sam was the girl dressed like Siouxsie Sioux at the Halloween party and y'all know I like to take a side character and just. Flesh 'em out lmao.

Unbeta'd

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"You wanna come to a show with us?" Robin asked. Steve looked at her from across the table in the library, raising a brow. Sam just munched on her apple, reading a book. "It's a goth rock show," she continued, doodling on her high top. "So we'd have to make sure you looked the part, but it's a lot of fun." Steve sat up and propped his chin on his fist.

"Look the part?" He asked.

"Yeah," Sam said around a large bite of apple. "Big hair-- Bigger," she said as Steve opened his mouth to protest that his hair *was* big. "All black, boots, definitely eye liner and possibly lipstick. You've got good lips for it." Steve blinked, taking time to process all the words he'd just heard in succession.

“Like, like the kinda stuff that uh... that dude wears?” He points to Sam. “Like how you dressed at the Halloween party?” She nodded, taking another large bite of her apple. Robin watched her fondly, grinning a bit. Steve rolled his eyes fondly. “You think I can pull that off?” Robin snorted.

“Steve, I hate to say it, but you do pull a lot of shit off. Not the Scoops Uniform, but other things.” Steve flipped her off and she replied in kind. “Sam can do you up, and I trust her to make you look good.” Steve looked at Sam, who was smirking as she watched them.

“I don’t know if I have things I can wear,” Steve said. “Mostly I have jeans and khakis.” Sam winced and shook her head.

“I have a friend with about the same build as you. I can get some of his stuff and put you in that.” Robin nodded and Steve thought about it. Tapped his fingers on the table and sucked on his bottom lip for a moment.

“Sure, why not,” he said with a shrug. “Not like anyone we know will be there, right?” Robin snorted and Sam snickered. “What?”

“No no, you’re right. Most people here aren’t cool enough for the scene, honestly,” Sam said. “But don’t worry. I’ll do you up enough that no one will immediately recognize you. Okay?” Steve rolled his eyes again and flipped her off too. Sam laughed until she got shushed by the librarian.

Sam did an outstanding job, honestly. Steve looked himself over in the mirror, eyes wide. She’d lined his eyes in black, expertly smudged *just* enough. His hair had been back combed and volumized until he looked like Robert Smith. He had on a tight long sleeve shirt with a tiny rip in the collar, held together with safety pins. He wore tight black jeans, luckily worn enough that they had at least a little give. He was still getting used to walking in them, as well as figuring out where to put his dick without it hurting or standing out too much. Sam thought it was hilarious. Steve turned around and looked at his ass in the mirror. He blushed and turned back around again, biting his lip until he remembered the dark purple lipstick. He spat it out, making a soft *eugh* as he made a face. Lipstick did *not* taste good. Still. He did have good lips for it, they were right. Steve smiled at the

mirror, feeling oddly confident.

"Told you," Robin said behind him. Steve turned, giving her a smile. "She knows what she's doing."

"She does," Steve agreed, coming over to Robin and grabbing his wallet from his jacket. Sam's parents were out for the weekend, so they would come back here after the show, smoke some weed, and probably fall asleep. Steve was honestly pretty excited. He didn't even really feel like a third wheel the way he had with Jonathan and Nancy. "You know the bands playing?"

"I know a few of them, but there's one new one that I'm curious about. Made up of some people in the area, so it's kinda local. I didn't even know there were *enough* local people to make a band." Sam came out of the bathroom and grabbed her purse, linking her arm with Robin's, making her blush. Steve grinned.

"You tall assholes ready?" Sam asked. Steve laughed.

It wasn't a long drive, just about an hour and a half. Steve drove them, letting Sam command the tape deck for the ride. She had been *educating him* about *real music*, and he apparently needed to hear these bands before the show, to truly appreciate what he was about to witness. The closer they got, the more nervous Steve became. Would people know? Would they see right through him? Sure, he looked the part, but what if they could clock his inexperience and ignorance with just a look? What if he just exuded something that gave him away?

"But like, what if I just don't fit in?" Steve asked as they walked in, between Sam and Robin for comfort. Sam nudged his arm and Robin gave his shoulder a pat.

"You're gonna be fine, Steve," Sam said.

"Don't worry," Robin said. "Seriously." Steve let out a breath and followed them as they made their way to the bar. He let them order the beers, but he did make them let him pay. Sam and Robin chatted about the bands as Steve took the crowd in. No one was looking at them, not really, and it made something loosen in Steve's chest. It

was interesting too, looking at everyone in the club. There were varying degrees of goths everywhere, some done up even more than him and some done up even less than Robin. Steve sipped his beer, feeling more comfortable as time passed.

“Steve,” Sam’s voice cut through his thoughts. “You doing okay?” She looked concerned and it made Steve’s heart flutter a little. It was nice, being friends with Sam and Robin. They seemed to see him better than anyone else. True, they knew things about him a lot of people didn’t, but to be fair, they’d *asked*.

“Yeah,” he replied with a grin. “Just realizing I’m probably rocking this look the best out of everyone here.” It got a snort from Sam and an eye roll from Robin, but it opened the conversation more and Steve felt himself smiling again, amazed at what good company could do for an evening.

He didn’t notice the eyes on him, peering out from the stage as the opener set up. Didn’t feel the piercing blue gaze of one Billy Hargrove, bassist.

Billy had expected to see maybe a face or two from Hawkins. The goth rock scene was small there, and even Billy was more into metal, but the band had needed a bassist and Billy had needed out of the house, so it had just worked out. An excuse to drive hours away and have nothing to report back to Neil except extra callouses? Neil didn’t care enough to ask questions. Especially because there wasn’t anything to really report.

So when Billy spotted Sam, who he’d bummed some cigarettes off of, and Robin, who he’d seen getting close with Sam under the bleachers, he wasn’t shocked. Was considering going up to say hi after the show until they roped their neighbor into conversation and Billy realized just who was under all that hair.

Steve Harrington. *The* Steve Harrington. Looking like more of a wet dream than usual.

Billy liked the preppy look on Steve. He made it work, and Billy would be lying if he said he didn’t love the idea of ruining a rich pretty boy like him. But Steve with his hair backcombed to the

heavens, his huge eyes surrounded with black and purple, and his pink mouth stained with lipstick? Billy could feel heat pool in his belly and quickly looked down, focusing on tuning his bass. His eyes continued to drift, stuck on the way Steve's skin was so stark in comparison to all the black he now wore. Steve laughed at something Robin said, head thrown back, and Billy's mind blanked. He stared across the club, eyes glued to the sharp jut of his jaw, mouth longing to bite into the flesh of his neck--

"Hargrove, hello," his lead singer drawled. Billy jerked a little, turning his head to look at Stuart. Who had an impish grin on his face. Billy's guards went up on reflex.

"What?" He bit out, pretending like he was still tuning, even though his bass sounded perfectly fine.

"Such a drama queen," Stuart sighed with a grin. He gave Billy's shoulder a tiny shove. "Get your head out of the clouds. We're gonna get this party *going*." Billy couldn't help the nerves that lit up in his stomach. He loved the feeling, honestly. The adrenaline before a show as the room buzzed in anticipation. It only increased as the lights dimmed and the crowd hushed, something settling in his bones when Ricky struck a power chord and Stuart yelled into the microphone, "Y'all fucking *ready*?!"

Steve cheered with Robin and Sam, finding that he didn't need to fake his enthusiasm. The lead singer immediately broke into song, singing into the microphone about... well... something. Steve honestly couldn't parse everything out, but he liked the sound anyway. Robin and Sam stayed towards the back of the group and Steve was grateful. Sam leaned over and shouted in his ear,

"We'll mosh next time!" Giving him a wink with the promise. Steve grinned and went back to looking at the band. The spotlight was on the lead singer, but Steve's eyes kept being drawn to the side. The bassist was *really fucking hot*. A white shirt with the sleeves ripped off, tight black pants, and a bandana tied around his left bicep. It looked like his boots had spikes too, something small to add to the whole look. It was really working for Steve, honestly. The bassist had his head down, but he was expertly moving his hands, somehow subdued but also screaming for Steve's attention. He watched him,

trying to place why his hanging head and dirty blonde mullet looked so familiar, when he looked up.

And Steve locked eyes with Billy fucking Hargrove.

“Holy shit,” he said, voice muffled under the noise.

“What?” Sam yelled, leaning into him. Robin leaned over as well, arm slung around Sam’s shoulders.

“That’s Billy!” Steve shouted back, gesturing to the stage. Billy wasn’t looking at them anymore, but this time there was no denying it. He was riffing with the guitarist, signature smirk on his face as sweat beaded at his temples. Steve couldn’t stop staring.

“What!” Robin squawked, peering over the crowd. “Holy shit!” Sam bounced on tiptoes, brows shooting up when she recognized the curly mullet.

“That’s so weird! I know he’s into metal and all--”

“But I never thought I’d spy him in a place like *this!*” Robin said, finishing her sentence.

“And definitely not onstage *playing*,” Sam added. Steve couldn’t do much but stare. Billy simply played the bass, but he did it with such ease. His fingers moved deftly and Billy didn’t even look down as he played. Instead, he smirked out at the crowd, sending winks to some people in the front. Because of *course*.

Steve found himself desperately hoping for a wink of his own.

“It’s.... Pretty impressive.” Sam and Robin didn’t hear him, but he figured it was for the best. He didn’t need them to make fun of the fact that he was gagging for, of all fucking people, Billy Hargrove. But seeing him onstage, strong and sure, talented and teasing? It made Steve’s already tight pants even tighter. He watched Billy throughout the band’s entire set. He couldn’t take his eyes off him. Didn’t want to. And Billy noticed. Steve’s eyes met blue a few times throughout the set, but it was during the final song when Billy *really* looked.

Billy's eyes were sharp and zeroed in on Steve as he played, tongue peeking out between his teeth. Steve felt his stomach do flips. Then, Billy tilted his head. Raised his brows. Winked at Steve.

Steve was pretty sure his dick would fall off from how tightly pressed it was to the inside of his jeans.

"I'm gonna run to the bathroom!" Steve said as the band finished up. Sam cheered and gave him a thumbs up.

"Don't get lost!" Robin called as he made his way on teetering legs. He would have flipped her off, but he couldn't think about anything besides getting to the bathroom. He was almost there, steps away, when someone's hand clapped down on his shoulder. Steve turned his head, ready to tell them he was busy, but all his words died in his throat when he saw Billy.

"Didn't think I'd see a yuppie like you around here," Billy drawled, eyes raking Steve over. "And all dressed up too." Steve licked his lips, cocking a hip and grinning as he tugged a little on his hair. Billy's eyes zeroed in on the movement.

"You like the look, Hargrove?" Steve asked. Billy's nostrils flared.

When Steve had come out to Robin and Sam, he'd mentioned a crush. Someone who he was like 87% sure was into him too, but there was also a likelihood he was being fucked with. Sam and Robin had come to the consensus that Steve was having his pigtails pulled by whoever it was, and Steve had decided he didn't want to risk it. But he was starting to think that maybe he *should*. Before, at school, he couldn't read past Billy's mask. He always looked ready for a fight and Steve just didn't want to be on the wrong end of his fury again. Once was enough, thanks. However, even in the low light of the club, Steve could see the way Billy's eyes lingered. The way his nostrils flared when Steve slid his hand back down, over his chest and stomach. It was like Billy had let his guard down and Steve could see the same desire he felt reflected back at him.

"Not bad, *King*," Billy sniffed. He was trying to play it off but Steve was tired of waiting. If he got punched in the face, he got punched in the face.

“Yeah?” Steve asked, pushing forward a little more. Billy’s brow rose but he held his ground as Steve pushed into his space. “Not bad? Sure you didn’t mean *fucking perfect*?” Billy’s eyes raked over his face, a nervous and reserved shine in them. Steve hooked a finger in Billy’s belt loop and tugged. *That* got a reaction. Billy’s eyes snapped down and up, going wide as Steve made himself *clear*. “Saw you looking at me from the stage,” he murmured, close enough he knew Billy could hear him. “Was lookin’ back.” Brown and blue met as each one of them gauged the situation. Billy could feel nerves prickling down his spine and Steve felt his stomach turn in anticipation, but they both reached the same conclusion simultaneously:

Fuck it.

They were close to the bathroom and Billy shoved Steve back, taking advantage of his stumbling in surprise to shove him fully into the bathroom. He kept shoving Steve, who’s shock had turned into a proud smirk, until they reached the last stall. Steve grabbed Billy’s collar and pulled him in, barely giving Billy any time to fumble the lock on the stall closed before his lips were on Billy’s. Steve pressed him against the door, getting a loud creak from the hinges.

“Shit, Harrington,” Billy gasped when Steve pulled back enough for him to speak. Already his lipstick had smudged and the sight went straight to Billy’s cock. “Gonna break the fucking thing.”

“Whatever,” Steve replied, smirking. Billy loved it. The cocksure attitude of King Steve that he’d *longed* to witness. But Billy also liked to control that kinda fire. Keep the flames hot and ready to burn at his will. So he crowded Steve again, pressing him against the tile wall that *didn’t* threaten to break and expose them. Billy was an adrenaline junky but not *dumb*.

“Smudged makeup is a good look on you,” Billy said, hand coming to rest at the junction of Steve’s neck and shoulder, splayed out possessively. Steve licked his lips, ignoring the taste of the lipstick. He was kinda getting used to it.

“You should probably smudge it some more,” Steve teased. Billy wasted no time, hand moving to the back of Steve’s neck to pull him in for a kiss. Teeth clacked but neither of them cared. Billy could feel

the lipstick smudging, could feel it smear onto his lips and the corners of his mouth. He licked into Steve's mouth, rolling his tongue along the roof. The moan it brought forth from Steve made Billy's hips jerk forward, brushing their bulges together. Steve let out a bitten off moan, tilting his head back. Billy attached himself to Steve's neck at the invitation, hands moving to Steve's hips as he sucked. "Oh *shit*," Steve gasped. Billy nipped at the hickey he was leaving, hands dipping into the back of Steve's pants to grip his ass. Steve arched into the touch, body curving as his arms came up to clutch at Billy's shirt.

"Fucking shit in the way--" Billy grumbled against Steve's skin. He pulled out one hand, tearing the fabric of Steve's shirt more so he could start sucking at his collar bone. He licked a stripe down Steve's neck from his pulse to his collar, making Steve's chest heave with deep breaths. Billy's hand moved back to join the other in Steve's pants, gripping his ass tightly and pulling his hips flush to Billy's. Steve let out a low whine that Billy kissed away. Steve's fingers tangled in his shirt, pulling and stretching it. They moved against each other, panting into each other's mouths between kisses. It was hot, heavy, the thumping bass of the music vibrating through them. Even the bathroom had a red glow, only slightly brighter than the club itself.

"Billy, Billy, wait," Steve rasped out between kisses. Billy grumbled, pulling back enough to glare at Steve, annoyed at the interruption. "Don't gimme that look, asshole," Steve said. He flipped them again, hand pushing Billy against the wall as he smirked, biting his lip. His lipstick was smeared over his face, faded but still strong, and it stood out against his teeth and skin. Billy groaned a little, the sound pulled out of him almost involuntarily. "Trust me, you're gonna *love* this." Steve sank to his knees, hands dragging down Billy's torso and spreading over his thighs as he settled. He looked up at Billy and twitched one brow. "Go on, grab my hair. I know you wanna," Steve stuck out his tongue, teasing, and Billy gripped the back of his hair and shoved it against his crotch.

"You gonna use that mouth or not?" Billy said gruffly, trying to hide his arousal. Steve scoffed and pushed back, giving Billy an unimpressed look. Billy just grinned. Steve undid Billy's belt, big

brown eyes half lidded and blown, standing out against the deep purple and black liner. Billy pulled his bottom lip into his mouth, breathing a little harder. He really looked so good, with cheekbones cut with black and lashes curled. Steve nuzzled Billy's cock, kissing along the shaft. It hadn't been great against the denim, but going commando was totally worth it. "Shit," Billy hissed, fingers tugging Steve's hair. Steve groaned, hips bucking just a bit. Billy licked his lips, gazing down at Steve like he'd never seen something so beautiful.

"Let's see if I can take all your cock," Steve said, calm and casual like he didn't just rock Billy's world. His dick jumped against Steve's cheek and he grinned, giving it a soft kiss on the head. Billy bit his lip, holding back a moan. It was so fucking cute. Steve swirled his tongue around the head, hand gently dragging his foreskin down to expose it. Billy panted, eyes glued to Steve as he took his time, tongue dragging along the edge of the head, hand moving the foreskin back up over his tongue so he could swirl it around inside.

"Oh, fuck!" Billy hissed, smacking his head against the tile. His fingers were tugging at Steve's hair, pulling just hard enough to feel good. Steve would have smiled if his mouth wasn't full. He wiggled his tongue inside the foreskin and Billy let out a whine that sent a warm spike down Steve's spine. He pulled back, tongue connected by a tiny string of spit to Billy's cock, before sucking the head into his mouth. "Holy shit, where the *fuck* did you learn to do this," Billy rasped out. It wasn't like Steve was ridiculously experienced, but it was like he knew exactly which buttons of Billy's to press. Or, well, lick.

"You really wanna know?" Steve asked as he pulled off. Billy pulled him back by his hair.

"No, keep fucking going." Steve snickered before taking Billy into his mouth again. His cock was thick and musky, so Steve inhaled deeply as he relaxed his jaw and took as much as he could. The smell made his brain fog over, eyes rolling back just a little. Steve loved it, the smell of Billy, the taste of him. He slurped, sucking as he pulled back. His hands were braced on Billy's thighs, a wonderful, firm, meaty bit to hold. Steve would get his mouth on them someday, he fucking swore it. Steve sank back down Billy's cock, drool starting to spill

from the corners of his mouth. He took in all he could, gagging a little bit as the head hit the back of his throat. Spit spilled down his chin as he pulled back, inhaling deeply through his nose. Billy watched Steve, mouth hanging open slightly as he grunted in time with Steve's bobbing head. Steve's lipstick left tiny rings near the base of his dick and it was really kinda doing things for Billy. Like, *really* kinda doing things for him. Steve bobbed in time with the music thrumming through the club, panting as he pulled off Billy's dick and jerked it with his hand, twisting his fist as he pulled up. "Shit," Billy sighed out. Steve snorted quietly before running the flat of his tongue over the slit until he reached the tip of his tongue. Then, he teased the slit, coaxing out bits of precome he could lick up. He felt Billy's dick kick in his hand again. "Shit, I'm already so fucking close. Got a real mouth on you," Billy babbled, almost like he couldn't help it. Honestly, Steve was into it. Liked how verbal Billy was. Didn't hurt that it was also praise.

But Steve could make him *happier*. Steve could make him cum even *faster*. Steve was King for a *reason*.

Steve opened his throat, taking Billy to the hilt. It shocked a shout from Billy, who bit down on his lip so hard he was close to drawing blood. Steve gagged, coughing up some spit and drool that dripped down his chin. Tears made his vision blurry as they dripped down his face, but he didn't stop. Only for a moment, enough time for a deep breath around the cock in his mouth, did he pull back. Then, Steve was at the base of Billy's cock again. He bobbed his head, pace relentless. Billy's hands fisted in his hair, helping shove him right against his pubes. Steve whined, working his own fly open enough to roughly jerk himself. His knees hurt on the tile, his face was probably red and wet, but Steve had never been so turned on in his life. He tried to stroke in time with his bobbing, but it was too much all at once, so he made sure to focus on giving Billy the best head he could. Steve felt Billy's thigh tense under his hand and he shoved himself as close as he could. His nose was mashed to Billy's pubic bone as he gagged, body shaking as he wiggled his tongue against the base of Billy's dick.

"*Fuck!*" Billy yelled, slamming his fist against the tile as he came. Steve could feel his spunk hitting the back of his throat and he

swallowed around the head of his cock, making Billy whimper and release another final spurt. Steve groaned, spilling his own load onto the already dirty floor. Slowly, Billy pulled Steve's head back. Steve let him, leaving a dark purple ring at the base of Billy's cock. He gasped for air as his airway opened up. Big brown eyes gazed up, the makeup around them smeared and running. Spit dripped down Steve's chin, mixed with what he couldn't swallow. A thick string connected Steve's lips to Billy's dick before it snapped, slapping against Steve's chin wetly. If Billy hadn't just spent himself, he might've gotten hard again from how wrecked Steve looked. "Damn, pretty boy," he murmured, watching as Steve caught his breath, eyes drawn to the decent sized pool of jizz on the floor between his knees. "If I'd've known you could take a load like that..." He tsked, shaking his head a little. Steve snorted, standing up on shaky legs.

"Well," he drawled, hands sliding around Billy's waist to cup his ass. "There's a lot of things you don't know about me." He pulled Billy forward, hissing at the feeling of their sensitive dicks brushing against each other. Billy arched a little into it, watching Steve's face. "But I could show you." Billy felt his breath catch in his throat. They eyed each other, both assessing the risk of this. What Billy said next would either keep this here, in this bathroom, never again, or it would open a door to something. Good, bad, Billy didn't know. But fuck, he wanted to take the chance.

"Promise?" He asked, hand coming up to tangle in the back of Steve's hair. He easily coaxed him forward until their lips were nearly touching. They breathed each other's air, pressed close.

"Yeah," Steve replied, voice breathy and quiet as his eyes flickered down to Billy's lips.

"I'm gonna hold you to that promise." Billy felt Steve shiver as he whispered against his lips. A cheer from the crowd outside brought him back from the haze of lust and he gently pushed away from the wall. Steve let him go, tucking himself back in. He was glad it was as dark as it was, or he'd probably have a noticeable stain on his jeans. Billy did the same, giving Steve a wide grin. "And sorry 'bout your makeup, doll face," Billy said, back to his usual teasing lilt. Steve blinked, confused, but felt his knees go a little weak as Billy unlocked the stall and pushed the door open. He shot a wink over his shoulder.

“Catch you later.” And he was gone. Steve stepped out from the stall, watching the bathroom door swing closed.

“Fuck,” he muttered under his breath. “What have I gotten myself into now.” It wasn’t a complaint, not really, but Steve did wonder if this new venture would go well. He sighed and turned to wash his hands, pausing with a tiny gasp when he saw his face. “Holy *shit!* My makeup!” Steve panicked a little, grabbing a paper towel and wiping his chin. It removed some of the spread lipstick, but there was still an obvious stain around his lips. Steve groaned and ran the water, splashing some on his face. He yelped when mascara got into his eye, making it sting. “Shit, shit, shit, shit!” Steve hissed, grabbing another paper towel and wiping his face dry. When he looked up he groaned. The water had made it *worse*. His eye makeup was fully streaked now, smudged around his eyes. His cut cheeks were smudged and barely existent. Steve tilted his head back and let out a long suffering sigh. He so wasn’t gonna hear the end of this. Hopefully, they’d think he was just crying.

Steve finally made his way out of the bathroom, heading for the bar. Sam and Robin must have moved though, because he couldn’t find them in the crowd that had formed there. Steve made his way around the floor, getting a few double takes, but mostly people minded their own business. Steve *really* liked that about the place. Finally, he saw Sam waving at him. He made his way to the table they’d set up at, with a good view of the bar and club at large, and watched Sam’s face blossom from curiosity, to surprise, to excitement. He understood why when he heard her proclaim as he approached,

“Steve had his first bathroom hookup!” She squealed a little, unaware of or ignoring the way Steve went red, even his ears. She wrapped her arms around his neck, giving him a quick hug before pulling back and snickering at the hickies on his neck. Robin just stared, like she hated every mental image that had flooded her brain from those words.

“What,” she deadpanned.

“Oh look at him,” Sam said. “Disheveled, makeup smudged to hell -- which, excuse you, I worked hard on that -- and his shirt is literally *ripped*. Look at where that hickey is!” Sam said, tugging at the collar

of Steve's shirt. Robin shook her head fondly.

"I'd rather not. C'mere dingus, lemme pin that for you." Steve moved closer as Robin pulled some safety pins from her pocket.

"I'm so proud of you," Sam cooed. Steve blushed again but couldn't hide his smile.

"It was fun. Though I uh, I might have ruined your friend's pants." Sam laughed, gripping Steve's arm to keep her balance, and it made him smile. Yeah, it was a little embarrassing how quickly she clocked him, but there wasn't any judgement. Not even from Robin, for all her put upon disgust. Steve looked out over the crowd, hoping to spy a mop of curly blonde hair. After a moment Sam snorted, eyes glued on someone across the floor. "What?" Steve asked as Robin repinned his shirt.

"Looks like Hargrove got what he wanted," she explained, gesturing to him across the club with her beer bottle. Steve looked at Billy, who was approaching the bar, leaning against it with his ass sticking out, and Steve couldn't help but flush.

"Oh? Like, musically?" Steve asked. Because he thought Billy looked pretty composed. At least, in comparison to Steve. Honestly, Steve wasn't sure if she was even referring to sex.

"Oh my god, I forget you're such a baby gay," Sam sighed. She pointed to Billy's arm, light blue bandana tied around it. "See that? Light blue bandana on the left means he wanted to get head. And that smirk on his face means he *did*." Steve was glad he wasn't sipping his beer because he probably would've spat it out. "Though of course, that requires him to also be gay, which like. Hm." Sam narrowed her eyes and Steve felt sweat bead at his temples. "I would've gone no on instinct but now that I think about it-- *Wait a fucking minute--*" Her head whipped around and she looked Steve over. Robin looked between them, confused as she got the final pin in place. Steve was so red it probably showed through the makeup on his face. "No." It wasn't a question really, but Steve knew she was looking for confirmation. He gave her a weak smile. "No, Steve, oh my god *really?!?*"

“What?” Robin asked, brow furrowing. “What am I missing?”

“How did I not see it,” Sam muttered, hands coming up to squish her cheeks and drag down her face. “It was literally in front of us the *whole time*.”

“Is it really that big of a deal--” Steve began. Sam gave him a look that shut him up.

“Seriously would love to be clued in,” Robin said, crossing her arms.

“Steve sucked Billy off,” Sam said, looking like her world had kinda turned topsy turvy. Just the smallest bit. Robin froze, mouth in a small ‘o’. Then she turned her head slowly to stare at Steve.

“*Really?*” She asked, voice drenched in disbelief. Steve held his head in his hands and hoped that when he looked up they’d be gone.

“Think about it,” Sam said. “He’s been crushing on someone who has been ‘teasing and shoving’ him around, ‘calling him flirty names in a mean way’--”

“Holy shit,” Robin breathed out. She looked in Billy’s direction again. He was just leaning against the bar, sipping a beer and talking to someone from his band. “Holy *shit*--!”

“Can we move past the shock and into the happiness of the fact that he’s also into me?” Steve grumbled, muffled behind his hands. Robin gave him a pat on the back.

“Maybe by tomorrow,” she said comfortingly, not really a comfort at all. “But we’re *definitely* talking about all this on the drive home.”

Steve groaned and thunked his head against the table. Still, he couldn’t be too mad. With friends like Sam and Robin, he knew he’d get support after they bashed his taste in men. And he couldn’t help the happy smile that spread across his face when he thought about the promise he’d made Billy.

Yeah, things were looking up for Steve. And to think, all it took was a little bit of makeup.